THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

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For The Child's Paper.

THE NEW BOOTS.

Stamp, stamp, stamp! What a noise there was, when Willie and his father returned from the shoe-store. "See my new boots, mother. See my new boots, Maggie. See my new boots!" Willie exclaimed all through the house to every person he met. He had got his first pair of boots, real boots—men's boots—boots with long legs and red tops, and straps on each side, and thick soles and high heels—boots that could be worn without rubbers—that could go out in the rain, and not get soaked through—that could wade through deep snow, and not let it wet the stockings—that would keep the feet warm in cold, biting winter weather; good boots—none better. And it was not strange that he felt pleased with them, and proud of them.

Stamp, stamp! He did n't want to sit down with his new boots on; he wanted to hear them stamp. He wanted to feel them come down firm upon the floor. It seemed as though he had grown stronger since he put them on; he certainly stood much taller, and his importance was growing very rapidly, as he thought. None of the boys that he knew had such boots, not one. He was their superior in this respect, and he began to reckon largely on the admiration and envy he should inspire. "What will John Phillips say to them, mother?" he asked. "And wont Eddy Rogers think they 're nice? And wont he tease his father to buy him some?"

At last Willie's mother grew tired of the noise of the new boots, and asked Willie either to take them off a while, and put on his old ones, or sit down and keep still. No, he did n't want to; he had rather gratify his pride and self-importance, than please his kind mother. The baby was asleep in her crib in the front chamber. Willie knew very well he ought not to go in there, lest he might disturb her; but he wanted to look out of the window, and see if any boy wearing boots like his went by, and whether any of his acquaintances were within call, that he might tell them of his great good fortune. So stamp, stamp, with head very erect and swinging arms, in he went past the crib. The baby opened her eyes and began to cry. Willie did not stop, nor care; he went stamping on, and then with a great noise pulled up the window-shade.

His new boots were still uppermost in his thoughts and plans, and he went out on the shed-roof where his mother dried her clothes to find some of his little neighbors to whom he might show them. Much to his gratification, Sallie Williams was on her mother's shed-roof at the time, and of all the children Willie knew, she was the prettiest and sweetest and best. She loved Willie dearly, and played with him very gently, always letting him have his own way, and yet she was bright, and said very smart and funny things, so that Willie liked her above all his other playmates. He was glad enough to see her, and forgetting his regret and shame at the naughtiness he had just been guilty of, ran to join her and show his new boots. She was almost as much pleased with them as he was. She looked at the soles, and wondered at their thickness, their high heels and strong nails, admired the red tops, and praised the convenience of the straps. At length the idea came into her head to try on the wonderful boots herself. She ventured to ask the privilege. "*Girls* do n't wear boots," Willie answered gruffly, and with protruding lips; "*girls* do n't wear boots." "Why not?" asked the little Sallie, her face all blushes, "I do n't see why." "Because they 're girls," was the haughty and unsatisfactory answer. Poor Sallie, wounded in feeling, sat holding her little hands and looking down at the boots. This only increased Willie's pride and sense of importance, and he began to jump up and down to show what a tremendous noise he could make, and to kick out his feet in all directions in the way of display. When he kicked out towards Sallie, she did not find it quite to her liking, and begged him not to do it. It was hard that she could not put the wonderful boots on her feet just for a minute, but a great deal harder to be kicked at by them; yet the more Sallie pleaded, the more Willie kicked. He was grown so very important, he would do what he chose, no matter for anybody.

When Willie reached home, he found that his new boots had made so much trouble that they were no longer regarded with admiration; and when at last he pulled them off, they were put out of the way in great haste, as if every one was tired of them. Worst of all, they had made him lose the company of pretty little Sallie. Sometimes he would see her in her mother's yard, and urge her to come to him; but she would timidly ask if he had his new boots on. Again and again Willie went to the shed-roof, and tried to coax little Sallie to join him there and play with him; but no, she was always afraid of the new boots.

For The Child's Paper.

LEARNING TO THINK.

Henry Bristol and his mother were alone in their pleasant sitting-room. She was sewing; he was

preparing his lessons for the next day. Now Henry had a way of studying by no means peculiar to himself, of which we will give you an example. His lesson was the boundaries of the states; and half in a whisper, half aloud, he studied: "Ohio is bounded on the north by Michigan and Lake Erie; Ohio is bounded on the north by Michigan and Lake Erie"—here he took up his top, and gave it two or three twirls on the table, then proceeded—"on the east by Pennsylvania; on the east by Pennsylvania," repeating the same some half dozen times, then as many twirls of his top. The southern and western boundaries were studied in the same manner, and then, "Capital, Columbus; capital, Columbus," was drawled out. Here he took out his knife, sharpened his pencil, and began ornamenting the pictures in his geography, when suddenly he threw down both knife and pencil, exclaiming, "Henry Bristol, you'll never know any thing, for you don't *think*."

"Why, my son," said his mother, "what do you mean?"

"Our teacher told us to-day that it was not the number of terms we went to school, nor the number of books we studied, that would make great scholars of us, but it was the amount of *thinking* we did. She said sometimes scholars would say they had tried hard to learn their lessons, and when they came to the class not be able to answer one question; and all the trouble was, because their minds were on their play, or something besides their books; and oftentimes she had seen them spend three hours on a lesson that required not more than half an hour, for just the same reason. Now I believe she meant me; at least she would if she was here to-night, for I have been twenty minutes by the clock bounding Ohio, and I can't now say it without looking on the book. She told us she could always tell, by the manner of our recitations, whether we were thinking when we were studying. Now I don't want her to think me a drone, and I do mean to learn to think, and Miss Baker shall know it from my recitations."

Henry spoke with determination; and the next half hour showed he was equal to it, for his geography lesson was mastered in that time; then came his other lessons in order, which were thoroughly and *quickly* learned. The next day he felt rewarded when he was able to answer questions which his teacher asked the class, and which his classmates had not seemed to think about.

As Henry tried to think, he naturally became very inquisitive; but he always found his mother and teacher gladly willing to answer all his questions, for they indicated a desire to improve. Not a day passed but he stored away some rich mental treasure; and when years have rolled by, we think Henry will become a wise and learned man, just because he *thinks*.

S. C.

For The Child's Paper.

KITTY AND THE EYE.

Kitty was left at home one Sabbath because she was not quite well and the weather was lowering. She had her hymn to learn, and a delightful book, called "The Night of Toil," to read. One verse was nearly perfect, when an idle thought entered her head, and she followed it to the baby-house. That house was shut up on the Sabbath, and rarely visited, for in Kitty's home Sabbath was a holy day, loved and prized by all the family. It was not a stiff, disagreeable day, as some children regard it; but a day when father was at home from his work, with leisure to instruct and love his little ones. Kitty often thought how good it was in God to make a rest-day for her papa; else how could she see him enough?

Well, the idle thought carried Kitty to the play-room, only to look. But she saw a doll's pelisse, left unfinished the afternoon before, and she took it up, pulled the needle through, sewed a good many stitches, and then tried it on Miss Dollie. The little girl had some misgivings; but she said to herself, "Aunt Mary can't lecture me for what she *don't know*, and there's nobody to see." Nobody to see! Presently it seemed as if there was an Eye looking right through the wall, watching her—not an angry eye, not a fiery eye, but a great *sorry* Eye. Kitty put her work down. Kitty trembled. Oh, she seemed to remember in a minute all she ever knew about the Sabbath-day; how God, when he made the world, put by *his* work; how he wrote it in his ten commandments *himself;* how the people in Jerusalem displeased him because they broke it. Did *God* set so much by his Sabbath, and *she* not mind it? She had no excuse to make. She did not try to. She only felt that her conduct had grieved and offended the great and blessed God, and she was sorely troubled. Kitty stayed not a moment longer in the baby-house.

That evening, when her father heard her hymn and stroked her hair and took her in his lap, she leaned her head on his shoulder, and a tear stole down her cheek. "Papa," she said, with a choking voice, "I don't deserve your love. I have been grieving God to-day;" and she told her papa every thing. "If I'd only gone to meeting, it wouldn't have happened," she said. "You have had a more faithful teacher than your minister to-day, my child," replied her father. "You have the Holy Spirit, whose office is to *convince of sin*, and who has opened your eyes to see God and to feel what a grievous thing it is to break his holy and blessed laws;" and as he looked down on his little girl's face, that tear on her cheek was more precious in his eyes than silver or gold.

There are many kinds of tears—complaining tears, teasing tears, tears of disappointment, tears of joy; but this was a *tear of penitence;* and a tear of penitence is precious, because it softens, sobers, and humbles the heart. It waters some of the feeblest thoughts of God planted there by the Holy Spirit, which may prove to be the little seed-corn of eternal life. Kitty's prayer was, "O God, forgive a sinful child, for Christ's sake"—a prayer dear to the heart of God from every infant lip.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

"What shall we do to-morrow?" asked Helen and Robert, whose few days of "no school" had already begun to hang heavy on their hands. At first the prospect of a whole week of play was fine; and though they had a nice play-room and an abundance of playthings, besides books, and little duties all about house, yet I am sorry to say, too ill-looking creatures sometimes crept into the play-room and spoiled all their enjoyment, setting the children snatching and crying and striking in quite a terrible way. They always put a stop to every thing pleasant wherever they go, and I wonder they should ever for a moment be harbored anywhere. Perhaps you have seen them. I hope not. Lest they ever should offer to keep company with you, I must mention their names, and warn you against them. You will know them by their sour faces. They are *Discontent* and *Disagreement*. Keep clear of them, children, for they will not let you have a minute's peace or enjoyment.

But I must go back to Helen and Robert when they asked their mother, "What shall we do to-morrow?" which they did, just after a brush with these two. "You shall have a little party," said mother. *That* was delightful. "But I don't want a jam," said Robert, "like George's birthday party; and I don't want Tom Bates to it, nor Harry Emery, nor—" "And I don't want Maggie and Jane," added Helen.

"Oh, I shall choose who are to come," said mother. "They have never all been here together, but they are a delightful set." "Good," cried the children. "Do we know them all?" "You are not so well acquainted as I wish you were, and as I desire you to be," said mother. "You must be glad to see them, and be careful not to hurt their feelings, for if you do, I am afraid I shall not be able to persuade them to stay." "Oh, we will, we will," cried the children heartily; "we'll do our very best." "I hope none of them will be quarrelsome," said Robert. "They are not," said mother; "they *wont* quarrel, you may depend upon that; they aim to make every body happy."

"I wish they'd come *real early*," said the children.

"One of them, where she is in the habit of going, often comes before people are up in the morning."

"How funny!" and the children laughed heartily. "Yes," continued mother, "and she would like nothing better than to come and creep into your beds to-morrow morning the minute your eyes are open." "Good," shouted Robert; "let's see her come. Company into bed with us!" "No," said Helen, "let's be as smart as company, and get up to receive her."

Of course the children were anxious to know their names and who they were. Their mother thought they had best write them down. Robert drew a pencil from his pocket, and said one pencil would do for both. Mother thought not, but wished each to have paper and pencil, and carefully write a list of them. This set the children on a small business jaunt of much interest, and at length brought them back to two crickets by mother's side.

"All ready," said Robert; "now for the names." "Certainly," said mother, "and you must not speak one word till you have finished." They laughed, and looked "mum." "Now then," said mother, "the first is from a large family, which we cannot stop to specify; so write down, 'The Little Kindnesses.'" Robert and Helen stared at mother, then at each other. Their faces flushed very red, but not a word was said, and they headed the list with the Little Kindnesses. "Sweet Temper," said mother. They wrote that. "Thankful Heart." They wrote that. "The two bears, Bear and Forbear," said mother. "Good Behavior." "True Politeness;" and last, though not least, "Brotherly Love."

All were written. "That is enough to make a pretty good day of it," said mother. "Each read aloud your list, and let us see if it is all right." The children read over their names, and then such a talk followed as I wish you could have heard. But I cannot write it; only the children determined to be as good as their word, and receive and treat their friends accordingly. "Which is the one that comes so early?" asked Helen, looking over her list. "I should think it was most likely to be 'Thankful Heart,'" said Robert, "coming just as quick as we wake, and making us thank God for

"The goodness and the grace
Which on our births have smiled."

To make a long story short, to-morrow came,

bringing the company; and Thankful Heart just as early as the day, who helped to prepare the way for the rest. I wish I could stop to describe the day; but I suppose The Child's Paper could not give up better matter for us. It was a very interesting and happy day, however.

When Robert was trying to mend Helen's doll, Miss-understanding peeped in at the door, and winked at Helen; but For-bear was happily on the spot, and beckoned Miss-understanding off; so that what might have brought Hard Words ran into Soft Smiles, and the affair ended in a frolicsome somerset on the carpet.

This is a children's party I am sure no good mother could object to. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

JEWELS FROM THE LIPS.

Grace had been wishing all the afternoon to ask her mother something, but several friends had spent the Sabbath with the family, and her mother was so much occupied that she had to wait until bedtime. Her mother was accustomed, after gently arranging the pillows and making every thing pleasant for the night's rest of her little girl, to sit a few moments at the bedside, and have their "little talk," as Grace called it.

The longed-for opportunity came at last. "Now, mamma, I want you to tell me if you ever saw a little girl that had *jewels dropping from her lips* when she spoke. I know there is a fairy story about it, and you have told me fairy stories are not true; but to-day, in the Sabbath-school, Mr. Ellis said he had seen more than one little girl and boy who had something worth more than jewels, that dropped from their lips when they spoke. He said he had *heard them fall*. How could it be, mamma? Mr. Ellis would n't tell a lie, and he said if we did n't find out about these jewels before next Sabbath, he would tell us then."

"You have been a good little daughter this afternoon," said her mother, "and I shall be glad to answer you. A jewel is always something very precious; but the word does not always mean that which is to be worn as a part of the dress. I might call *you* my 'jewel,' because you are my darling child. But Mr. Ellis told you he had 'heard them fall' from the lips of children. So have I."

"Why, mamma!"

"Yes, I have indeed. One day last week I was passing the park, and I heard a company of school-boys on the other side shouting across, 'Ragged Dick, halloo! Ragged Dick, how 's your father?' Two boys were just before me, and I knew the shouts were meant for one of them. They were good little Willie Fernald, and Richard Lane, ragged enough, to be sure, poor boy. His father is a drunkard. As I went by them, I noticed that tears were falling from Richard's eyes, but jewels were dropping from Willie's lips."

Grace opened her eyes wide, and looked wonderingly at her mother.

"These were the jewels: 'Never mind, Dick, *I* love you. Do n't you care about them, nor mind what they say. We 'll have a real good time up at my house. We can play in the yard; and then I 've got a new book that father gave me, full of pictures, and we can look it over together;' and I noticed that Dick wiped the tears away, and was comforted.

"Yesterday, as I was going through the hall, near a certain nursery door, I heard a little girl talking very pleasantly to her baby brother, who had begun to worry. I know he was quite uneasy, for his mother had been out some time; but his sister was so gentle, and her words and voice so sweet and free from all impatience, that he soon became quiet again. He heard the jewels fall from her lips."

Grace's cheeks were glowing, and her eyes glistened, for that little patient girl was herself. Mr. Ellis' strange remark was explained. *Kind words* were the *jewels*. As her mother bent over to kiss her, she said, "I hope such jewels will fall from your lips every day, dear little Grace. Jesus will always help you to speak thus, if you ask him."

Cousin Ralph.

For The Child's Paper

A little boy in our town joined "The Cold Water army." He liked it first-rate. Rum, he knew, bit like a serpent, and stung like an adder. He had seen people bitten, and heard them rave "like mad." Lem—the little boy's name was Lemuel—was most sure that his father had been stung by it. He thought he would never come home so cross, and swearing, if he had n't; and it worried Lem very much. He asked his father to join the cold water army; but he only said, "Get out!" He did not *use* to say "get out." Lem went to the general of the Cold Water army, and asked his help. The general promised, and that was all. Lem then prayed to the Virgin Mary. Still things did not mend, and he told his mother he should pray to God about his father; for "God made us," he said, "and folks can't help caring about things they make."

One day his father came home. "Well, Lem," he said, "what d'ye think the master told 'bout you?" "Do n't know, sir," said the boy. "He said you were masterful at figuring. I wish I 'd been learnt when I was a boy. If I 'd knowed figuring and writing, I should ha' been something."

"Father," cried little Lem, "*I 'll* learn you. Oh, it 's so pretty to figure, and you 'll get the hang of it so quick; and I 'll set you qs and ps on my slate."

"No time," said his father, looking pleased.

"We 've got the evenings, you know, father, and we 'll go into it, won't we?"

The little fellow instantly saw that his slate had a chance of heading off that horrid rum-shop round the corner, which was robbing father not only of all his evenings, but all his earnings, and with soldier-like promptness he took advantage of it.

That night Lem brought his slate home, and that night his father began figuring. The boy was indefatigable. He interested his poor father surprisingly. A new turn was given to the man's thoughts. Boy and father grew more and more intimate, and by the end of winter the man joined the "Total Abstinence Society;" and all through "his Lem," he said, who first gave him a taste for better things.

Happy Lem! Happy father!

For The Child's Paper.

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller?

One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get its nose into the tent. "It 's very cold out here," said the camel. "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you do n't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I 've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what that camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. A young man is asked to drink. He takes one glass, only a glass. Then he takes two. By and by, he is out on a spree. Intemperance has got its fore-paws on him. He neglects to rouse up and shake them off. So, little by little, it gains ground, until it gets the mastery; and too late he finds he has lost place, power, character, every thing.

Coveting puts its nose in the soul, breathing only wishes, little wishes. It is not thrust out. Desires for ill-gotten gain grow strong and stronger. They get a footing; they fill the mind; they take possession; and at last lead to stealing, robbery, or murder.

Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only *the nose* of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

For The Child's Paper.

A LITTLE TALK.

Three little girls were telling each other one evening what they wanted to be. One wanted to be a queen; another to write books. The third said she should be contented to be a lamb in Christ's fold. Ah, that was the *greatest* as well as the *best* wish of all. The *greatest*, and yet the *easiest* to be had; for Christ says, "Come;" and what have we to do but to *go?*

"Suppose you stray away and get lost," said one of the others.

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," replied she.

Oh yes, we should never find Christ if he did not find us. We should never seek him if he did not seek us first. Sometimes sheep and lambs get lost in the snow-storms, and the shepherd sets out and seeks them, and finds them in the deep ravines, huddled together under the snow. He digs the snow away, but they are afraid to stir. They wont take a single step to save their lives; so the good shepherd *carries* them out. Thus Jesus saves his lost sheep. He finds them in the deep pit of sin. They can't help themselves; so he reaches out his strong arm, and takes them out.

Jesus *provides* for his sheep and lambs. "They go in and out, and find pasture." You may be sure of being fed, if you are Christ's lamb. You shall have bread to eat and clothes to wear. "I have been young, and now am old," says king David, "yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Christ is always able to pasture his flock. His pastures never dry up or are burnt over. He also feeds their souls. Did you ever see the little flower fed by the morning dew? Just so will Christ feed you with the dews of his grace and love. The *Bible* is a table-full—a rich feast to the hungry soul. You can feed on its leaves every day, three times a day, all through the year, and all through the years of the longest life that ever was, and yet they never fail. There is enough and to spare; and what is better, you *never* get tired of it. It tastes better and better every day.

I know of nobody that would die for me. Do you? But "the good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." All that are in Christ's flock were once condemned to die. Jesus pitied them. He left his Father's house, and came into this wicked world to die for them. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Therefore every sheep and every little lamb can say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

Oh, how precious to be a lamb in Christ's fold! The greatest, the best, the easiest reached of all wishes is to be there.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

Earth is a pleasant home for us,
And God has placed us here
In beauty and in loveliness,
The little ones to cheer.
We live beneath this sunny sky,
To bless them ere we fade and die.

Let us unfold to them sweet thoughts,
To them bright lessons give,
That they may follow wisdom's light,
And learn the way to live;
And so fulfil their destiny,
Ere they like us shall fade and die.

The queen-like Rose shall teach them *love;*
For unto all she sends
Her beauty, color, fragrance forth,
Alike to foes and friends;
And thus their kindly deeds must bless
All in their path with happiness.

Of *time*, so quickly passing, speaks
The frail Anemone;
The everlasting Amaranth
Tells of *eternity.*
The two so linked but by a breath,
Thus teaching them of life in death.

The Lily's leaves of spotless white,
Of *purity* shall sing;
And the blue, lowly Violet
Is like an angel's wing,
Lifting the humble soul above,
To higher heights of light and love.

And Mignionette, the modest flower,
Pours forth its fragrant breath,
E'en as it droops and fades away,
Like tender love in death;
And thus their dying love may prove
An earnest of undying love.

We are a book of many leaves,
All writ of wondrous things;
For every little plant that grows,
Its secret lesson brings;
And all who seek to learn of us,
We humbly teach, and teaching, bless.

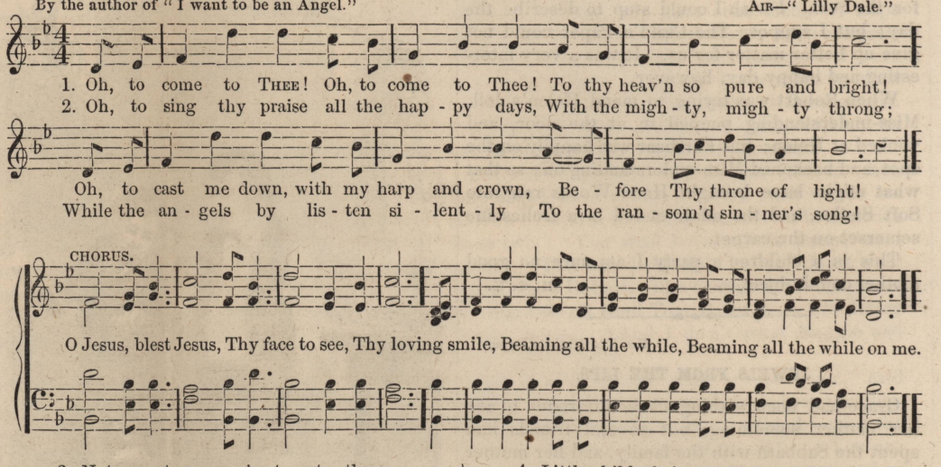
Who is arrayed so glorious?
And who hath us arrayed?
He who the children doth create,
The simple Lily made.
We are their brothers, sisters, friends,
For o'er us the same Father bends.

K. P. Gordon.

THE CHILD'S RESPONSE TO THE WORDS OF JESUS,

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

By the author of "I want to be an Angel." AIR—"Lilly Dale."



3. Not a want or care e'er to enter there,
Not a sorrow, sigh, or tear,
But a perfect rest upon Jesus' breast,
And a love that knows no fear.
CHORUS—O Jesus, blest Jesus, etc.

4. Little child of sin, can *I* enter in
To that holy, happy home?
O my God, I pray, take my sins away;
Jesus, "suffer" me "to come."
CHORUS—O Jesus, blest Jesus, etc.

For The Child's Paper.

"TRUMPETS, PIPES, AND STRINGS."

How much swearing there is! Little boys swear, big boys swear, young men swear, old men swear. One of the worst things which I meet with in our streets is swearing.

God says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." It is a great sin to swear, and it is an unprofitable sin. Some people cheat and rob and lie for the gain of it. It is very short-sighted policy, to be sure; but nothing is gained by swearing. Your horse does not go faster. Nobody works better or pays quicker by being sworn at. You may fill your mouth with cursing, and what good does it do? while the harm is more than words can tell. Some people in telling a story pepper it all through with oaths. Can any thing be more disgusting and foolish, as well as wicked?

Its foolishness was aptly shown by the old gentleman in a stage-coach, who with two other travellers tried to while the tedious hours of the night away by giving some account of their past lives. One of the travellers was an army officer, whose stories would have been deeply interesting, but for the dreadful oaths which continually fell from his lips. When he finished, the old gentleman began.

"It is now nearly twenty years," said he, "since I was travelling on this very road, on a very dark night, when—*a thousand trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—an accident took place—*trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—which I cannot even think of without shuddering. The coach was running at its usual speed—*trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—when we were frightened by the noise of horses galloping after us—*trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—and we distinctly heard their voices crying, 'Stop! stop!' *Trumpets, pipes, and strings!* 'Robbers!' I cried. *Trumpets, pipes, and strings!* 'It is not possible,' said the other passengers. *Pipes and strings!* I looked out and saw—*trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—that we were overtaken. As soon as they reached the coach—*trumpets, pipes*"—

"Pardon me," cried the officer, with some impatience, "but for the life of me I cannot see what *trumpets, pipes, and strings* have to do with your story." "They are as necessary to mine," said the old gentleman, "as the *oaths* and *imprecations* with which you seasoned yours. May you, my young friend," he continued gravely, "correct a habit which so dishonors the sacred name and presence of the God who made and preserves us."

"I thank you, sir," replied the young officer, much affected. "May your reproof not be lost upon me."

THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A father who did not believe in God or his holy word, came home one evening and asked where his little girl was. "She has gone to bed," said his wife. "I'll just go and give her one kiss," said the father, for he loved his little daughter dearly. As he stood at the door of her bedroom, he heard some one praying. It was his little Jane, and he heard her say, "Do, God Almighty, please lead daddy to hear Mr. Stowell preach."

She had often asked him to go, and he had always said, "No, no, child." After listening to her prayer, he determined, the next time she asked him, to accompany her, which he did, and heard a sermon which took his attention and pricked his conscience. On leaving the church, he clasped the hand of his little girl in his, and said, "Jane, thy God shall be my God, and thy minister shall be my minister." And the man became a true follower of the Lord.

"COME," said one little boy to another, "come, go. It's Independence-day. You need n't ask leave; you can do as you mind to."

"No," answered the other, stoutly, "I've no more liberty to do wrong to-day than any other day. Fourth of July was n't made for *that.*"

Indeed it was not. But some boys, and men too, behave as if they thought it was. True liberty is wholesome obedience to good laws, whether by boy, man, or state.

A BETTER ONE.

Amelia was one day dressed in a new white frock with red ribbons, and some one said to her, "No doubt you think yourself dressed very fine and clever." "Ah no," answered the child, "I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me."

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